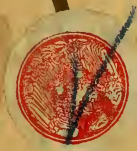
PS
3525
A94W5
1909

Whims and Visions

By

Jessy Maud Maw



Class PS3525
Book A94W5
Copyright No. 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

24610

Whims and Visions

By

Jessy Maud Maw

Author of "Day Dreams and Fancies."

This book also contains a revised form of some of the Poems appearing in "Day Dreams and Fancies," which was copyrighted in 1906.

Copyrighted, 1909
By Jessy Maud Maw,
Columbus, Neb.

PS 3525
.A94 W5
1909

©CLA252916

EL 18/12/C
a mp 20 Jan 34

Dedicated in loving memory to those friends who have made life's journey a path of flowers through the tares of care.

"He, who hath felt Life's mystery
Press on him like thick night,
Whose soul hath known no histroy
But struggling after light;—
He is the Poet, him unto
The gift of song is given,
Whose life is lofty, strong and true,
Who never fell from heaven."—Lowell.
"I have called it—it is coming, coming,
All my dreams and my visions are to be,
For there is no Fate that can harm the ship
That my soul guides home to me."

THE DUAL SELF.

I wanted to talk to God one day,
But I could not find Him—I'd lost the way.
The world was so selfish, cold, and drear;
And I whispered sadly, "God is not near."
All labor seemed toil, each effort vain;
The pulse of the universe throbbed with pain;
Weary and lonely, I fell asleep,
Fearing to wake lest I wake to weep.

* * * * * * * * * *

I woke in the silence of early morn,
When another and better self was born.
I spoke to my Savior in love, not fear,
And my heart made answer: "God is here."
My hands performed their tasks that day;
My feet walked forth the self-same way;
But the other self traveled beyond and above,
Caroling ever. "God is love."
I plucked a flower He planted for me;
I kissed a baby all winsome and free;
I spoke to a lonely, desolate one,
And saw the smile of love-light come.
I scaled the mountain, and talked with God,
While my feet earth-paths of beauty trod.

UPWARD.

Just a lilting summer morning, full of moving life,
Leaf and flower and brooklet shining, naugh expressing strife.
Two sweet children, laughing, playing, watch the clouds run past;
And the parents fondly whisper: "Will their Eden last?"
"Life is song," the girl sings blithely. "Music!" shouts the boy,
And their parents echo, smiling, "life is childish joy."
"Will the trees grow up to heaven; do the birds fly there?"
All their questions leading upward to the cloudland fair.
"Yes," the answer, "all are reaching, rising to God's love;
Concord, beauty, love and heaven, all are found above,"
But the climax of perfection is the spirit free
Which can rise o'er earth and distance, as do bird and tree."
And the children chase the shadow's round their garden plots;

Brother pulls her sweetest flower—then the love song stops.
All the music turns to discord, clouds o'ercast each face;
All the pretty Eden vanished, Love to Fear gives place,
"I picked the flower for mother, sister," he says to stem abuse;
But the girl, all broken hearted, will not heed excuse.
"I wanted all for Father's birthday, and now you've stolen part.
"Father, brother has been unfair," and the song bird left her heart.
Then the father's arms in shielding pity 'round her fold,
While the reason of their sorrow to each child is told.
'Tis the strength that's misapplied that doth its God disgrace;
And each act to have true power, must have Love's sweet grace.
"Life is battle," sighed the father, "misdirected power;
I've seen men crush the joy from hearts as you've crushed life from this flower."
Then the boy in shame and sorrow sought his mother's side;
And the girl, by pity moved, changed for love her pride;
And the father told the story of God's unchanging care,
While the mother, sighing softly, whispered: "life is prayer."
Soon the boy and girl together, anger all forgot,
Races run adown the pathway 'round the garden plot,
Prizing nature's gifts God-given,
While they sing, "Our world is heaven."

LOVE AND FAME.

We buy with our mind's and heart's best work,
The thing that the world calls "fame."
No task too hard; yea, all we shirk,
That we this idol may gain.
Gold, honesty, friendship, life, sometimes we pay
We give it our talents, not deeming them lost
And this effort of years is the prize of a day,
For it dies at a breath of adversity's frost.
And we cry at the loss of the earthly thing
That comes but at Fortune's call,
And turn us away from God's holy spring,
That is flowing ever for all.
When one drop of the glory of life, called love,

That comes at the softest call,
Does more to raise us to heights above,
Thn fame, though it come from all.
For only the loving are strong and true
To fight, and work, and win, and do,
And leave a name that will never fall
For love is of God and is dearer than all.
The love that he gives us so freely will stay,
For nothing has power to drive it away,
This bauble of fame even weaklings may bring;
But true love, only worth can e'er win.

SOCIAL REQUIREMENTS.

One would think 'twere enough to send us to hell,
The lies we are forced to act or to tell;
We are part of the world and the world is a lie,
There are few, who, for truth's sake, are willing to die;
'Tis the competent liar who "gets there" today,
And the bigger the lie, the larger the pay;
'Tis he who sins largely who gets the most gain;
Still a lie is a lie and brings its own pain,
For one lie needs many to keep it in place;
But it's easy to follow the first fall from grace,
Which is better, my friend, for you and for me;
To be hated or loved? Here's a question for thee?
To be ruthlessly true in self-defense;
Or to prosper and live a life of pretense?
For to live and keep peace, we can't be true,
And make others happy; I can't, now can you?

EVOLUTION?

Tho' brows may ache and brains grow wild; it never must appear
That any thought of rhyme we take to make our meaning clear.
A preposition is too weak to end a thought of beauty.
Oh ever, always, all through life, we stumble over duty,
We're told to earn our bread by "sweat" and still must say "perspire."
Sweet nature ever is repressed in quest of something higher.
We find life is not one sweet song—well—now 'tis time to close;
Most poets have to live on hope. We think we'll take to prose.

THE WORLD'S WANT.

"I want you to love me, Father.
I'll be good if you show me how."
"My daughter you are good by trying;
Can't you see how I love you now?"
Why is it I'm happy, Father,
Why is it God feels so near?
"My child 'tis the love within you;
'Tis your God; who is always here."

"I want you to love me, Mother,"
'Tis the cry of the childish heart.
Have you earned my love, my child?
Have you faithfully done your part?"
He had tried so hard to earn it—
God made him, he must be good—
Yet when he followed nature
He was never understood.

Aye love, the natural food of the heart
Is the want of the world today,
The busy, weary heartsick world
Of God's children who've wandered away.
When all restless, longing hearts are still
And we meet as one family above
The cry of the hungry world will be hushed;
For Christ's name for home is love.

ABOVE THE MISTS.

We say that God sends sorrow—
Nay, nay, 'tis never so;
'Tis ever man; ungodly man;
That starts the tears to flow.
The spirit more imprisoned
Than song in robin's breast,
Striving to rise above the mists
Is held in wild unrest.
More strength than all God's creatures,
And further from his home;
More like his master's pattern;
Then why this ceaseless moan?
Fair nature's cruel destroyer;
The first to break God's law,
The tiniest bird; the frailest flower

Views man's approach with awe,
The birds, the trees, the flowers;
He wounds, and breaks; destroys;
Their lives of innocence and joy
His jealous heart annoys.
Their weakness, can it aid him?
Yes, he feels they do their part.
Their perfect harmony he sees,
Their beauty wins his heart;
And shining down; through worldly mists;
He sees his Father's face,
And heeds the tokens, all of love,
That point the way to grace.

BE STILL.

"Be still and know that I am God."
I will not come to take a part
In thought; which clings to earthly mart.
I claim the best love of your heart;
Take time to know your Lord.

Lift up your eyes and greet your own,
Cast off each doubting, faltering thought;
Find your desire; claim the sought,
Live out your best; thus peace is known.
Reach love; reap where you've sown.

THE UNFINISHED DREAM.

I have dreamed of friends that are faithful
Of love that is holy and true;
I dream dear dreams of God and heaven,
That land beyond the blue,
I have dreamed of such days of beauty
As will never dawn I ween,
But the highest of life's great glory
Is too great for a mortal to dream.

Ah, those beautiful thoughts that I cannot dream,
How restful and sweet they must be,
Those joys that none but the angels reach
Will they never come to me?
Shall I ever know in another world;
The unfinished dreams of this?

Will none of life's beauty be dimmed with pain;
Will it be an endless bliss?

There is beauty in the sunlight;
There is strength and life in storms,
There is beauty in all nature,
In all its varied forms:
There is life and hope in wishing;
There is beauty never seen,
But the rarest, sweetest joy of all,
Is only found in a dream.

Shall we never tire of heaven,
Where there is no need to dream,
Where all the glory shall be known,
And all the beauty seen?
I cannot, cannot fancy
A life with no brighter morn,
I fear I'll miss my cherished dream,
That dream that was scarcely born.

WHY?

Why is it that when God's so just,
His children suffer so;
Why do the selfish always win,
And so more selfish grow?
Why must the right be always taught
The wrong grow by itself?
Why should the honest labor
For the rogue to get the pelf?
Why should the world be made so fair
All harmony and bloom—
And man with mind to conquer all
Be always cast in gloom?
Why should a woman be so weak;
In all but mind and heart?
Why re like passions given them,
Of man's strength but a part?
Why did our Savior have to die
Because old Adam fell?
Why, just because two people sinned,
Should millions go to hell?
Why cannot Satan be chained now;
Why should he have his sway;
Why make us weak enough to sin,

Then let us go our way?
Why, when the world was first defiled,
Why was it not made new?
Why should so many souls be lost
Instead of only two?
Oh, is it just because God knows
That life and hope are dear,
That He has planned this world of trial
And left us living here?
Oh, is it that we cannot know
The joy of being blest,
Until we've learned what sorrow is
Been taught to yearn for rest?
Or, is it just because we see
So small a piece of life
That all its harmony is spoiled
By petty human strife?
I know a foolish one can ask
What wise ones cannot give,
But, O, I'd really like to know—
Where do the wise ones live?

SILENCE.

When Day's fretting cares are ending,
Twilight tones and whispers blending,
Nature's minstrels all at rest,
Flitting at her soft behest;
Winds, and birds, all calmly sleeping;
Flower, and leaflet mutely weeping
O'er the world's rough usage grieving;
All of nature God's love breathing;
Life all silence; life all blest;
Soothing silence, meaning rest.

When the busy hands and dancing feet
Are quiet, cold, and still;
With the dear, dear eyes and loving heart;
That answered at our will;
When the bright, glad voice we loved so well,
No more delights our ear.
When we walk in Memory's garden;
And our world is bleak and drear;
When we see and touch, with starting tears;
And stifled painful breath

Dear tokens of the loved one gone,
That silence we call death.

When the world casts off its garments bright
And dons the mourning robes of night;
When the fierce eye of the day,
To the moon's soft glance gives way;
When the odors of the flowers
Joins their silent lives to ours;
When we breathe a voiceless prayer,
For end of sorrow, pain, and care,
To Him; who grants us sure release;
Ah! then, that silence meaneth—peace.

A UNIQUE CONVENTIONALITY.

The age of irreverence has caught us,
'Tis safe now to wish we were dead,
For Satan and hell hold no terrors,
Our fear of the "old boy" has fled;
Oh, Milton, return, thou, and help us,
Not England, but all need your song,
The garden of Eden's a carnival now,
And only the thieves get along;
Old Honesty's gone out of style;
He's not in it at all any more;
It's all out of date to be courteous.
"Young America's" come to the shore;
Our books, to be read, must be worldly,
Or people can't judge of their worth;
Our songs, and our speeches will never be heard
Unless sprinkled with slang's silly mirth.
We cut out the spirit of music;
True harmony's under a ban;
When we want recreation 'tis easier far,
To visit the phonograph man;
The mechanical process will help us to feel
That nothing is sacred, and nothing is real.
Yes, life is a meaningless, orderless clash,
And those without money must just go to smash.

A WISH.

Do I prize the talent God lends me?
Yes, I treasure all gifts from Him,
And I'll use it in aiding to perfect His plan
Of cleansing the world of sin.
Men may call me an idle dreamer,
But if only I dream aright,
I'll write, (not for fame or riches),
But to show forth my Father's might.
My pen, (if God guides its message),
May carry His love divine
To all nations, and heal their heartache.
Oh, Father! let such work be mine;
Let me see, with a broader vision,
The direst needs of men.
Through all weakness, I still am Thy child
With love, and a wish to help them.

REFLECTION.

The night had been long and lonely,
And my heart was full of unrest,
As I opened my door that morning,
Feeling ill, and sad, and oppressed,
When lo! I beheld such a beautiful sight,
That I stood and gazed with delight
At the peaceful glory that me my eyes,
The work of that sinble night,
For the world had put on a clean, white dress;
And she looked so pure and good;
That I thought with shame of my waywardness,
And gave place to nobler mood.
God help me to clothe my heart anew,
In a robe as clean and white,
As this, the dark old world has donned
To greet the morning light;
"But life is so dark, so gloomy and sad,"
I say to my inner self.
"Ah that is the time," it answers back,
You are donning your robes of wealth,
No darker thy life than this black, old world
Ere the white snow makes it clean,
And throws around it a stainless wrap,
All shimmering silver sheen;
And you, in the night of sorrow, and pain,

Are weaving a robe as bright;
Which will shine, and glisten so all may see
The beautiful blessing darkness may be,
If we only try to live right.
And when trampled, and soiled thy dress becomes
By contact with life's rough toil;
Like snow to the earth, the dark to thy heart;
Will bring forth the fruit of the soil.

EXTREMES.

The poetry has gone from my heart today;
Life's sky has all turney grey;
The air is full of mingled song;
But all is noise; each key sounds wrong;
My heart was pitched to sing to my Lord
And you carelessly touched the wrong chord.
It was only a thoughtless word, dear;
But it changed my laugh to a tear.
And I looked at the world; with fearsome eyes;
I felt its wrongs and I heard its cries;
Oh, God! and heaven seemed out of reach
And Christ's sweet precepts you could not teach.
For my life was out of time.

The poetry has all come back to my heart.
The world was only acting a part,
For God's love is constant, it never grows cold
Life's sky is all radiant in crimson and gold.
The world is heaven, and God so near;
We have but to whisper, we know He will hear;
All people are kindred, all life is a song,
All effort is joy; no day is too long;
Your tenderness lifted the cloud of grey;
And only the rosy tints will stay;
For love and truth commune.

LET THE CROWD PASS.

Stand! Let the crowd pass by you,
Stand and take time to live,
Why should this beauty be wasted,
This glory that God doth give?
He meant it for you, remember,
This love, this thought, this care;
For you He hath made earth lovely,

For you is this world so fair,
Then pause and re-read the volume,
Study it part by part,
God's wonderful, true love story,
Read it and learn it by heart,
Be like the innocent child,
Throw man-made care aside,
Drink of the joy God sends you,
By nature's laws abide,
The birds, the trees, the flowers
Are weaker far than we,
And yet, in simple grandeur
Their lives must stronger be;
We fret, we chide, we wonder,
We weary our Lord with prayer,
We blindly walk in his garden of love
Culling only the weeds of care.
Why is it if man is monarch,
So weak he is and blind?
The older he grows the less he knows,
The way sweet peace to find,
He studies, he works, he ponders
How he may get ready to live,
While Happiness beckons to him to pause
For what she would NOW to him give.
"I haven't the time," he murmurs,
"I must hurry away with the crowd,
Sweet heavenly voices I must not stay,
The voice of the world is loud."
Dear child, how sweeter, how stronger,
How nearer to greatness art thou,
In accepting life's truth and its gladness
Never asking the why? or the how?
Living and loving, and thinking;
Such a wonderful world you see
Learning more in thy simple child faith.
Than my worldly wisdom brings me.
Nothing but gladness the creed for thee;
Such simple things thy lessons be.
"Preaching birds," and "laughing moon";
"Crying flowers" and "sleepy noon";
"Angry sun," and "dancing leaves";
"Running grass," and "cross, rough breeze,"
For you all earth's delights were made,
You prove our logic is not sound;
We strive and strain a heaven to find.
While you a heaven have found.

THE TAKING OF MEDICINE.

When I was in my tender youth
My mother used to say,
"Come, child, here is some pretty jell
For you to eat today."
I took the tempting spoonful,
'Twas swallowed ere I knew.
That it contained—
"Some medicine the doctor left for you."
And so, today, we writers
When we wish to moralize
Must dress our sermons skillfully
In modern thought disguise
Our else our honest dose of truth
Will never meet the eye
Of ailing human beings
Too wise to live—or die.

HAVE WE NO ROOM FOR OUR SAVIOR?

We have room for our worldly pleasures;
Yes, room for them every one;
But place for the Savior, our sovereign;
O, can it be true, we have none?

We care for the drooping flower;
We have love for the child in pain;
But care, and love for our Savior
O, why must He seek it in vain?

No room for His word in our houses;
No room for the babe at the inn.
O, why; at all times; and all ages;
Have we room for all else but Him.

Should He for one moment forget us;
Deny us His love; and his care,
In vain would we call on our world friends;
Their treasures, and blessings to share.

He gives us so freely each blessing;
Each bountiful gift from above;
O; surely we'll yield, and give fully,
Our best, as he bids us, our love.

LIFE MUSIC.

On the chords of the heart we are playing each day;
And the strains we awake are carried away
To join in the orchestra grand of our lives—
Not a note of its discord, or harmony dies.

The prelude, so brilliant, so lively, so bright;
Then the strains full of passion, that tell of life's fight,
The full solemn notes tell of victories won,
And the soft minor key ere the music is done.

They all form a part in the tune that we play
And the chords that we touch, be they solemn or gay,
Will send forth their sound, true, earnest and strong;
And the world acts as critic and says "right" or "wrong."

Truth, honesty, selfishness, love, all are notes,
For ambition, and joy, the world casts its votes,
Unworldliness, modesty, scarcely are heard,
If by accident touched, the world cries "absurd."

Give us something more lively, more up with the times;
We're tired to death of your sad, mournful "chimes."
Let us try, let us try, as we choose 'mid each note,
To touch only such chords as pure strains evoke.

Let the listening angels true harmony bear
To the heavenly throne—and the melody there,
Be it sad, be it gay, if it only be true,
Will receive the glad welcome, 'Tis well; it will do."

QUERIES.

"Who are God's wife?" the darling boy asked,
As we watched the clouds go sailing by.
"Does her look at we, when us don't see her;
And God, does Him see us waiting here?
Why don't Him open a door in the sky;
And let us see in; right now when we're good,
Maybe we'd never be naughty no more
If Him hears what us finks; why can't Him know
How us wants to fly way up where Him lives?
Like the birds; who visit Him every day.
Why are Him so high up away from we?
And how can the preacher mans work for Him?

My papa, him works for himself; hi msays;
Why doesn't him work for God too? Do you?
Him gived me my mamma to love, you said;
Why didn't Him give me to be your boy?
Is you crying 'cause Him don't love you more?
You has me to love you; I fink you is good,
Pease tell me 'at 'tory of God's house now;
Of the stars; which Him planted in the sky,
And the angels holds up, so they don't fall down;
When I'm good, (like I is), you said you would.
If you don't then I won't be good no more;
And God Him won't like you for making me bad.
But if us is as good as us can be,
Will all the clouds get pretty to stay?
And if all the good mammas is God's wife, too,
Must you be a mamma to be His wife?
How does you know Him sees when I'm good?
And how can God live way up so high?
Why don't Him fall down, if Him did would Him die?

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

The ground is bright beneath;
Come weave a memory wreath,
'Round days, alas! that all too quickly pass, God's love story begins
As each sweet flower springs
From earth toward heaven; the home of all at last.
Oh, blessings free to all,
How can we e'er be call
Our Father's kindness to His children's need,
By laying all to chance
His kindly, heavenly glance
Withholding from our Lord our thanks; His meed

Autumn.

The autumn leaves; with beauty's glow;
Are dressed in colors rich and deep;
November winds will lay them low,
And woe the autumn flowers to sleep.

So may our lives; when changes come;
Enrich the world as one by one,
The seasons change from youth to age,
Let songs of joy our hearts engage.

ROSES.

Wild roses; like God's people;
Free and beautiful are found.
Set in order each free petal,
But His pattern is the bound.

Cultured roses; like proud people;
Leaf by leaf their beauty show;
Closer; not so free; each petal;
Picked the race; from which they grow.

But their beauty; wild or cultured;
Who can read, by mortal thought,
Until love of God has nurtured
Heart of man; and sweetness taught.

CHASTENED.

Two sisters alone with their uncle dwelt,
His greatest comfort, joy and help;
Each lovely and fair in her own rare way
Stately Beatrix, and sweet, bright Fay.

They sat one night in the fire's warm glow,
Reading of days of long ago;
Of brave, gallant knights, chivalrous and bold,
Who fought for their ladies in days of old.

Said Fay, (as she turned from the fire's bright hue
With a dreamy look in her eyes of blue);
"Loving and tender must be my knight,
With wavy brown hair and eyes clear and bright."

Beatrix raised her bronze crowned head,
"That would not satisfy me," she said;
"I want my knight to be earnest and grave,
Loyal and manly, chivalrous and brave.

But little they thought how near at hand
Was the day when their gallant knight would land;
When from foreign countries homeward he'd come,
In the form of their uncle's adopted son.

He came, and he tarried among them long;
He filled the old homestead with laughter and song;

He won all hearts with his merry, fond ways,
And all too short seemed those sweet June days.

But at length came a day, when again he must roam
Far, far away from the dear, old home;
For his lady's consent he could not gain,
To wed one; with naught but an honest name.

But he had the assurance, sweet and true,
Ere he sailed once more o'er the ocean blue;
That if to an honest position he'd rise;
Proud Beatrix's love should be his prize.

So Rupert sailed from the old home shore,
But he sailed away to return no more;
O, Beatrix, bow your stately head,
In deepest woe, for your true love is dead.

And now at last a sad truth is confessed,
A truth that no one had ever yet guessed;
Since the fatal news had come that day
Fay seemed to be pining and fading away.

And all knew whom she meant; when she piteously cried—
"Ah, had he loved me, he'd now be by my side,
For I care naught for honors or wealth or position,—
To be near those I love is my only ambition."

But the loss of her love softened Beatrix's proud heart;
And often she'd sit by herself apart,
And the poor and the needy sought her there,
For she lightened their sad hearts of many a care.

And anon a true and loyal youth,
Who long had loved in vain;
Whose lady's pride had kept aloof
Renewed his suit again.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

'Twas night Fay gazed from her window
At the starlit glory above
Her life seemed sad and lonely
And she prayed to God for love.

In time her prayer was answered;
He came—she saw him—and loved—

Loved with a passion uncontrolled;
No more was life so sad and cold.

Ah! she made her love an idol,
And enthroned him in her heart;
To her God's blessings all were dull
Ir shared from him apart.
* * * * * * * * * * *
An angel sent by her Father,
(And God doeth all things well);
Led him to war; her lover;
And he bravely fought and fell.

The frail life scarce had the power
To sustain grief's bitter fight.
"To what shall I turn in this hour?"
A soft voice said, "Turn to the right."

O, is it a vision, or is it a dream;
Which bursts upon her sight?
This white-robed form with eyes that gleam,
With an earnest, holy light?

Then spoke the angel in accents mild;
"Be brave as he in the strife.
God sent this cross to his wayward child
To purify her life."

But weeks, and months, and years, swept by
And bright days came at length.
For time dims grief, and life holds hope;
While we still have love and strength.

But 'mid all the joys of her later life;
She never forgot the vision that night;
Which came to her in the midst of her strife
And whispered, "Turn to the right."

FETTERS.

There are chains for the heart and body; but no fetters
for the soul;
Which spans the universe in its flight and sees the glo-
rious whole,
It bursts from its narrow prison cell, and rising with mind
and heart;

While evergrowing it soars above 'til it breaks from the world apart.
Then, leaping onward from heighth to heighth 'till to God and Love it has flown,
It sends to earth a message of light; which reads: "I have found my own."

CHANCE.

Only chance we hear men call it,
When God sends some glad surprise,
That warms and cheers heart, soul and mind,
And fills with joy our eyes.
An unforseen occurrence 'tis, so Webster bids us say;
No unforseen occurrence 'tis that gives us breath each day;
No chance was it that gave to us a world so bright and fair,
'Twas God who rules and watches all;
'Twas God who put it there,
No chance, I say, that gave to us our Goughs and Lincolns bold,
To open up the wealth of life and God's true light unfold.
No chance that puts each human being in reach of Nature's smile;
No chance that made our country break from her bondage vile.
No worldly human influence can change God's heavenly glance;
So speak of Providence, Faith, God's Love, but never call it chance.

SEASONS.

Upward, lift the heart to God;
Holy all the earth we've trod;
Flower, grass, e'en bird songs ring.
Heavenward, upward, greeting—spring.

Summer, climax of perfection;
Hopes fulfilled; sweet love's election;
Joy, the fullness of God's love,
Heaven around, and heaven above.

Fall, the leaves lie down to rest,
In their pleasure garments dressed;

Gathered seeds; result of toil;
Tell of progress through life's moil.

Winter, victory won—love—home;
From earth to heaven thoughts may roam;
God's arms clasp the tired child;
Nature rests; tho' winds blow wild.

IT IS BUT THE PAIN BREAKING THROUGH.

We meet as we travel life's roadway
With people both foolish and wise,
And we sum up their faults and their virtues,
For we view them with prejudiced eyes;
We say some are rough and unfriendly;
With actions uncouth and unkind,
But many a one we deemed bitter and curt,
Had grief, deeper, perhaps, than we knew,
So we let them alone, when they cray at the hurt;
And try to be kind, yes, try not to mind,
For it is but the pain breaking through.

For each human heart, O, be sure dear,
Has deep bleeding wounds out of sight,
And the stronger and nobler the nature,
The fiercer and harder life's fight,
So when those that we love dear, seem heartless,
Let's be patient for pity's sweet sake;
For the deeper and harder the crust o'er the wound,
The sharper the pain at the break;
So try to be patient and know that 'tis true
That it is but the pain breaking through.

No matter how plain or how ugly,
And disfigured by temper it be;
Each face has its beauty, I'm certain,
If we see what God means us to see,
For each heart holds within it God's likeness,
E'en tho' small and encrusted with care,
But open the world-hardened case and you'll find
Sweet love, God's own image, is there,
And as long as men carry within them,
A heart that can suffer and feel,
So long will the lovers of evil,
It's peace, and it's joy, try to steal;
So pause for a moment and think, dear,

Ere you class some as harsh and untrue,
And pity their sharpness, 'tis weakness,
For it is but the pain breaking through.

For the cruel world that tortured its Savior,
Strikes His image, when found, to this day,
And 'tis always the love that lies deep, dear,
Is strongest and purest they say;
So try to look longer and deeper
When you meet those with lives out of tune,
And bear with their humors and tempers;
Let anger to pity give room,
And heed not their frowns or sharp speeches;
Just wait for the storm to pass by,
For a remedy when the pain's fiercest,
Some quarrel, some laugh, and some cry,
But none of the harshness remember,
'Tis thrown at the hurt, dear, not you,
So be loving and sweet, and more tender,
For it is but the pain breaking through.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Beautiful tree!
Gracious and free.
Content to stay, where God thought best;
Reaching toward heaven, not heeding the rest;
Were I a bird, I'd make thee my home;
Held by thy strong arms 'neath heaven's vast dome;
I'd sing out my poetry in anthems to God,
I'd lavishly pour out my best to my Lord;
I'd care not a whit were no other bird near;
Men's dirges of woe would cause me no fear;
"I'd rather be singing for God," I would say;
Than working for self or each other as they;
Then I'd fly up to meet Him and pity poor men;
Who civilize nature to vice, made by them.
Oh, tree! Why must men, in their cruel love of power,
Disarm thee, and wound thee; cruel blows on thee shower,
'Till they shelter thy beauty, and cause thee to fall;
To make room for a dwelling; where men may grow small.
God's works are displaced for men's puny aims.
Great nature restroyed for material gains;
O, would that men's minds were as broad, and as free,
As strong, and as lovely as thou art, O, tree,
God planted thee, made thee, nourished thy birth;

Men wound thee; despoil thee; fell thee to earth.
Why can we not love, and not seek to destroy?
Why must we admire, then seek to annoy?
The envy, the pride and the harshness of men;
Has destroyed and disturbed and despoiled God's plan.
Men deal out so grudgingly their sordid dross;
While God gives unselfishly, counting no loss;
If rooted to earth as thou art strong tree;
Why not grow toward heaven as upright and free?
Why not stay; where God placed them; and live freedom's life
Unspoiled by men, and unhampered by strife;
As children, He send sus, His angels of love,
As children, He greets us, in mansions above.

NORMAL NOTES.

Walking up the college steps;
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Many a story could they tell us,
Had they but linquistic power,
O'er them many feet have passed,
In their eager rush for knowledge,
Higher, higher, let us climb
Up the steps of life through college.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

We wake from sweet dreams of a morning,
While the jangle of bells greets our ears;
And look over unfinished problems,
And reflect on their solving with fears;

We stroll down to breakfast, more hopeful,
For the oatmeal, we know, will be there;
If we're early we may find some biscuit;
And there's crackers enough and to spare.

We collect in the hall after breakfast;
A noisy, chattering crew;
Then walk off in pairs, to the school house
Using one parasol, for each two.

One there is who leads the singing
And we help with might and main;
The songs are new—we're just beginning
To catch each sweet and varied straw.

Now the roll book large is opened.
We, like convicts, numbers bear;
All must answer and the ladies
Surely claim the largest share.

Then we take a stroll through grammar,
Surely every head here whirls;
Learn that (s) makes dear a plural;
"When not speaking of the girls."

Geography, we next range over,
When we're called try not to mind;
Grasp the globe, and make most gravely
Statements wild of various kinds.

Then we learn what history teaches,
Of politicians, war and men;
Some rouse our souls to emulation,
While slavish laws we all condemn.

We hear that he who smokes tobacco
Is a hero amongst men,
And that poor wretch who drinks the whiskey
Should have our sympathy—but then—

'Tis not that he so loves his country,
'Tis not because of noble acts.
O, no, he only helps his fellows.
By tax, he pays to prove sad facts.

Soon we'll reach the upper landing,
Reaching higher day by day;
Drawing, literature and science;
Elevate the mind, they say.

And the music from the tower
Seems to say to one and all;
"Come up higher, ever higher,
Heed it, for 'tis duty's call."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

We meet for a chat Sunday evening,
And discuss the week's work with zest;
Tell secrets and hold solemn councils
As to which of the girls we like best.

On Saturday mornings we meet to debate,
And woe to the member who's absent or late,
For the sergeant at arms, (tho' he thinks it quite
mean),
Here new words are coined that Webster
Never knew, nor understood,
In their efforts to convince us
(Who'd believe it, if we could?)

That we one and all are kindred
Of beasts and birds and fishes,
Raised by time and evolution;
Now this meets with no man's wishes.

Then there's a youth; who now is sad;
Who used to be a merry lad,
His friends say, "What's the matter Trip?
You look as tho' you might be sick.
Why do you feel so sad and drear;
You're studying too hard, I fear?
Even this old cheerful normal,
Even thoughts of joys once had,
Even beans and rolls and oatmeal
Doth fail to make you glad,
E'en the semi-weekly pie
Is looked at with dejected eye.
Come, tell us, why alone you roam?"
He answers sadly, "She's gone Home."

* * * * * * * * * *

Walking up the college steps,
'Mid the crowding and the strife;
Walking up 'tis such that conquer;
Walking up the steps of life.

It is a great and sacred calling,
To start young lives in habits right;
To discipline our own selves rightly,
We must be earnest in life's fight.

A PRAYER.

Father! Walk with me each day,
Lead me each step of the way;
Teach me to do Thy will;
I am Thy loving child still.
Men call me a woman grown;
But as thy child I would be known.

THE FIRST FROST.

'Twas a chill October morning,
Frost encrystalled was the ground,
And the busy huskers voices
Were heard from far around,
And the ears as they struck the wagon
Sent a toll through the tuneful air,
While the hum of the distant thresher
Told of busy workers there.
The air was crisp and stinging,
As it roughly kissed the cheek
Of the sturdy country maiden,
Driving cows across the creek,
And the frost so cold and brilliant
Seemed to mock her in her grief,
As she gazed on her friends, the flowers,
And marked each drooping leaf;
And she thought of the love which had flourished,
When this year was young and warm,
But at the first touch of winter,
Had withered and drooped and gone,
O, faithless city lover,
O, showy hot house bloom;
For thee no place in the country,
For thee in my heart no room,
As I walk in memory's garden,
Withered flowers I pass you by,
And I'll choose for my winter's nose gay
Blossoms bright which will not die,
Everlastings strong and faithful
Like my country lover true;
Who's as brave in the frost of trouble
As in summer's warmth and dew.
The sunlight of thy true love, dear,
Has melted the frost from my heart,
Far sweeter a country garden.
Than a city hot house or park.

THE LAND OF FANCIES.

O, let me linger in Fancy-land,
  Why do you chide me so?
Let me tarry a while by this happy band,
  Cold facts are so hard to know;

We learn so early that "life is real,"
But fancies—they are real, too,
As real to me is my ideal life
As your practical life is to you.

All happy thought and beauty are true;
So leave me my joyous dreams,
Let me build my castles to the heaven's blue
All woven with shining beams.

My sweet dreams fancies will keep me rich
In beauty and joy and love,
For what is this life but an idle dream
To the coming glory above.

I tell you whatever my thought doth uplift,
Will elevate, strengthen, and guide,
Will aid me the good from the bad to sift,
And life's horizon make wide.

You practical scorners of myths and dreams,
You would brush from life's fruit all its bloom,
Would you rudely crush all these golden gleams,
Would you leave us naught but life's gloom?

Let the children gloat o'er the Easter eggs
That were laid by the snow white hare,
Let them read of the fairies who always were good,
And those bad ones, who never were fair.

Let them merrily dance 'round the Christmas tree,
Let them dream of Kriss Krindle so kind,
Do not ruthlessly tear from their eyes the veil,
Let them stay for a season blind;

Blind to the selfish, loveless fact
That all love and beauty, bring pain,
For this practical, money-grasping world;
Would cry down all fancy as vain.
Yet what is heaven but fancy land;
Until death shall make it real?

God gives us the flowers, bright skies, and dreams,
To teach us to love and feel;
So keep to your facts so harsh and cold,
And laugh at my dreams if you will,
I'll live the truth, and acknowledge your rights,
But I'll cherish my dream life still.

THE BARNYARD HEN.

Oh, hen! Barnyard hen!
I fain would make thee a theme for my pen;
But I am more able,
To serve thee at table;
For poor stolid thing;
Thou canst not sing,
Nor soar above; though thou showest love;
True motherly care—
And thy children share
In thy sinless life;
Which is free from strife;
For thou doest thy duty,
And this is a beauty
Some mothers of men
Possess not—but then—
Oh, hen! practical hen;
Thy matchless worth
Will hold thee to earth;
If idle and airy as the wild canary,
Or stupid, poor fowl, as the solemn owl.
Thou couldst rise on high;
Yes, fly to the azure sky,
But not thou hen; placid hen;
Patient and faithful; useful to men;
'Tho' wiser than the owl, busy fowl,
For thou restest at night.
But at morning light,
Art awake and at work Oh, hen!
Setting example to men, good hen;
Thou on thy eggs must hopefully sit;
While perhaps another hen not a bit,
More worthy than thou; will have the face
To claim thy reward, and take thy place;
And shelter each downy, pretty thing,
Under her own befeathered wing.
O hen, worthy hen!
Dost thou not feel
A sense of injustice over thee steal;
When the egg thou didst lay
Is stolen away,
By ungrateful men—
Unhappy hen—
And placed in a nest;
To be hatched 'neath the breast
Of some other old hen;

But then—
Think of the cow;
Far greater than thou;
Night and day, she chewest her hay.
All uncomplaining she toils for man
Doing her best, as best she can;
So wonder not hen, barnyard hen;
If thy lot is hard 'tis the lot of men
Prized not for thy matchless worth, Oh, hen!
But because of thy worth to them;
Compelled to share thy mate's regard
With others, yes, thy fate is hard;
Oftimes compelled to steal or beg
For the food thou needest to lay thy egg.
Poor hen, ill-used hen;
Shut within thy prison pen.
Hard, hard thy lot
Thy end the cook's pot;
And thy strengthening soup
May feed some troop
Of thoughtless youth
Who know not the truth
That no life is blessed;
Which gainest its rest;
By getting, (not giving), another's best;
When thou risest in steam,
To the realms above, you may win our love;
Rising higher I ween
In soups mixed solution,
In swift evolution.
Than ever thou rose to on wing;
Martyred hen! Poor patient thing!
You must die to win praise, O hen;
But so must men, so what then?
Yes, after you're killed, and skillfully grilled.
We will praise thee then, Savory hen,
After you're dead, you may sing, poor thing.
Yes, then thou loyal, worthy one
We'll say of thee, "it was well done,"
Oh, hen; martyred hen!

GOD'S SERVICE.

Doth see that farm that rests beneath the hill?
Its well tilled fields all turned toward the sun;
Wouldst know the story of the owner's life?

That dame; who sits by yonder rose-clad house;
Who mends and ever mends, day after day;
The world-worn garments of the busy men;
As earnestly and patiently she toils
As if each stitch was penance for a fault;
She's mother to the man, who now appears,
A manly man he is, tall, earnest, strong,
A look of noble sadness in his eyes;
That tells that sorrow's chains once held his soul
Each Sabbath sees him walk in lonely way
Toward the town that's hid behind the hill,
Where once he served his Master in the church,
Discoursing on the mysteries of God's word.
His mother and his wife were with him then,
But when the sun of this man's helpful life
Had reached the zenith of his hopes and dreams
A cloud had fallen on his dear one's mind
And she (his mother's precepts) all in thought,
Would sit and ponder how to read God's word
So as to meet with sympathy and love
Each high and stirring thought that thrilled his breast.
But she was frail in mind tho' not in heart
And turned her soul too high to fit her strength
And died, but not the natural death of flesh,
But reason's light was dimmed no more to shine,
As she was taken from the clinging arms
Of husband dear and child one boone she craved,
"We'll fight the world together, love," she cried
And I must do my part to help to right
The mighty wrong that Eve brought to the world."
And so each Sabbath now he keeps the tryst
And seeks his wife, arrayed in raiment best
And courteously and lovingly doth strive
To bring a ray of gladness to the one
Who erst made bright with fondness all his life.
One comfort only had he left on earth.
The child whose kiss won victory on that night
When 'neath black clouds, rebellions with his God
He fought and wrestled with his troubled soul,
And thought to leave this haunted grave of joy
And wander forth to scenes of other life.
The day's fierce eye had closed, and evening's shade
Hung o'er each weeping leaf, and grief bent flower.
The dear child came, and nestled in his arms,
"God's angels, too, are sorry mamma's gone,
Their tears were falling, while I looked for you,

Let's try to make them happy, papa, dear,
By being good; and when we live in heaven,
Perhaps mamma will be ther to love us too."
And then he learned to conquer sullen grief;
And helped and tutored, by that little child,
He buried deep his sorrow, sealed the grave
And took his creed, of happiness, from her.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

Out of the mists you come to us, John Paul Jones,
A hero, whose brave deed rise high, as mountain domes;
Why did you lend such vigorous aid to a country not your own?
Like a bird on wing, unfettered and free, over strange seas you have flown;
Striking out to dangers unknown, to the wild, unpeopled west;
At a time when turmoil reigned supreme and two nations were distressed.
You entered the fight with no selfish aim;
You took up the weak one's cause,
Bravely you strove; never owning defeat; caring not for applause,
When those, who had left you to fight it alone; clamored for honors unearned,
You, for your prisoner's comfort made plans.
As with grief o'er their wounds your heart yearned;
What did the people you aided give you; gratitude, gold, or fame?
They gave you a true man's common reward; scant mention of your name.
Few are the songs they have sung to you! hero on life's rough seas;
Never a word of loving praise to your lonely heart brought ease,
With much of your noble life unread your worth lies unconfessed.
"There was such a man as John Paul Jones"—and there we let you rest.
"He held up the flag for America once and fought—yes, fought his best."
"What did we do for him?" you ask; Do? We let him fight,
He helped us, yes, he helped right well because our cause was right,"

Turkey and Persia and Scotland, too, each owe what they
never can pay,
Blessings he sowed for others to reap, it is ever the old
world's way
Friend of the weak! no race or clime could claim thy
vote.
Society's chains and petty claims; from thee remote
Thy God thy King; of his children thy friends, thou
heeded each tear, and moan.
Thy creed was as broad, pure and unconfined, as the
vast sea's sparkling foam.
Into the mists on thy last lone voyage; enroute for eter-
nity's sea;
Humanity's friend; Christ's follower. Did no one follow
thee?
Above the mists, will no loving voice call—"Come, my
own, to me."
Did you push out alone, o'er the billowy foam; was this
thy God's decree?
Alone, alone. Yes, ever alone, such noble hearts as thine,
But there is a beason light divine, and there in its glow;
seas of sorrow below;
Thy Savior shall say—"He is mine."

VISIONS.

If the departed spirits of the poets gone before
Could assemble here and hear us as we read their poems
o'er
I wonder of they'd seek revenge for all we've thought
and said,
And carry off their literature to entertain the dead.
For 'tis a sad, prosaic fact, told in beauty types of truth;
That all our latest thought was told in these dead poets
youth;
And now there's nothing new to write; we haven't time
to dream.
The world is growing practical and things are as they
seem;
The dead and gone philosophers would sit around and
stare,
To see our modern rymsters write for gold, and get their
share,
And the departed spirits; in revenge for plagiarism;
Would exterminate aspiring poets, and put their muse in
prison.

Now Kipling tells us bar-room tales, in language harsh and terse
While other poets write old truths in well constructed verse.
This age of cold commercialism declares all dreaming rash,
Soon all our "castles in the air" will perish with a crash.

JUSTICE VERSUS POLICY.

Two youths went forth to battle,
'Twas called the "War of Life,"
They fought the fight divided far,
For under different generals
They joined that bitter strife,
One fought for General Justice,
Ah, bravely did he fight;
The other chose King Policy,
Saying, "Might can conquer right."
Said Justice, "Tho' you now be king
And own an army strong;
I'm not afraid, my crown is made,
You shall not rule me long."
King Policy smiled in proud disdain,
Your motto of "right," I soon will claim,
Your few scattered forces I soon will subdue.
Then what will become, General Justice, of you?
King Policy's soldiers were sleek and well kept.
(They fed on the fat of the land.)
For they bought with their smiles, gold and deceit;
That which Justice would scorn to demand.
King Policy laughed, and was merry and gay,
As he hurried his army along,
And he flaunted his banner, the motto was, "Self."
Crying, "MAKE way for my army is strong."
But Justive he fearlessly headed his ranks,
'Tho' his soldiers were few; he knew they were true;
And he answered, "I'll NEVER retreat,
NEVER lower my standard, proud monarch, for you.
Never give up the right to the hand of a cheat."
Then he closed with King Policy there, and they fought,
And the struggle was fierce and severe;
And the monarch's bright armor gave way 'neath the spear
That was hurled with such courage and might
By the general who fought for the cause of the right.

King Policy's army, so quickly had fled,
Not one was in sight, when their leader lay dead.
The youth who fought for Justice
Met once more upon life's way
The youth who fought for Policy.
They passed the time of day;
Then entered into converse,
Said the one, "Now that they king is dead
O; Wilt thou not choose Justice for thy general instead?
'Tho' the soldiers of Justice are soberly dressed,
Their armor is strong, for 'tis made of the best;
And 'tho' not so brilliant, and showy as thine,
What armor will stand such rough usage as mine?"
The other youth made answer,
"What wages does he give?
His tasks are hard. His pay is poor,
He knows not how to live.
Come thou and join our army,
Each may be a king himself
And long and merry is our rule,
And quickly won our wealth."
Nay, nay, I cannot join thee,
Thy persuasion is in vain,
Thy numbers may be many, but thy strength lies but in name;
For thou are not united, and life's goal thoult never win,
Thy strength is naught but outward show;
True strength comes from within,
The bond of charity unites, and gives us force and might;
While thou, tho' great in numbers, are but weaklings in a fight,
And tho' each may rule a kingdom and a gilded throne may own,
The united few of justice, now thy leader has o'erthrown,
And his vain and craven soldiers,
Need he fear their servile reign?
No, Justice still will rule the world.
While life and truth remain.
Tho' Policy may change its dress,
And often change its name;
Our true and steadfast Justice will e'er remain the same.
But Policy and Justice, they never can clasp hand
Till right has conquered selfishness,
And love rules all the land.

THE SPIRIT OF MACBETH.

"I am the spirit of Lady Macbeth; doomed for an endless spell;
To sojourn at the Sulphur lakes, in the Brimstone vaults of hell;
Dear friends, my fate for centuries past hath been the lime-light's glare;
But in the sphere of mortals, in hideous discord there;
I hear Miss H——'s pupils in N————'s greatest school;
In spite of careful training; disregarding law and rule;
Commit universal slaughter, in reading of my deeds,
By their murderous bad English, yet this outrage no one heeds,
They have no great ambition, as that which stirred my heart,
To do the great and bloody deed; of which they read but part;
No selfish aim controlled my act, the act for which I broil;
In this cruel torment I must hear—it makes my flesh recoil—
To hear those heedless students; with murderous, vile intent;
Chop up and kill good English verse ;my anger is not spent;
And so I begged Behelzabub, for just one night's release
To beg you one and all, dear friends; from this foul work to cease,—
Ye mortals that on earth do dwell
Take down these words and heed them well;
Would you escape hell's hottest fire;
Keep clear of all domestic ire.
And ere you take a partner pause,
And think of why I'm here—the cause
For which I moan, and quake, and smart;
'Twas that I took my husband's part.
So lest you wish to share my fate;
Be wary in the married state;
But now appears the light of morn,
Farewell—I wish I'd ne're been born.

PITY, PASSION, PIETY.

Was it your tender pity, love,
That won me for your own?
The loving sympathy and care

That you have ever shown;
Or could it be the passion
That gleamed from eyes and speech;
That made me dream of life's best joy
Which mortals strive to reach;
Or was it thy pure virtue, dear,
That made your love so rare;
That trust in you gave hope to me,
When life grew hard to bear,
Or was it one, or each or all
That proved to be love's call?
I only know my love doth grow
And ripen day by day;
In drinking in your sympathy
And heeding all you say.
I only know when thou art near,
Life seems an answered prayer
And fret and trouble cause no fear;
While all my thoughts are pure and high,
Because, dear, thou art nigh.

ANGEL'S TEARS.

A scented stillness filled the breeze,
Not a sound was heard save the whispering leaves;
And I was sitting, sad and lorn,
My heart in tune with the coming storm.
Rebellious feelings filled my breast,
My life was full of a vague unrest;
And I said in my heart, "O, Father on high!
Why hath thou left me no hope but to die?
Thou hath taken my husband, the joy of my life,
Thou hath left me alone in my sorrow and strife;
Thou hath robbed my nest of its birds so gay
Only one darling is left me today."
She ran to my side,—my baby girl,—
With wondering eyes and dancing curl:
"Mamma," she said, have I naughty been?
You said the angels were sorry for sin,
And wept with grief over each mistake,
And just now I was playing down by the gate
And I thought I was just as good as could be
But I must have been naughty, for, don't you see—
With sweet face, grave with childish fea s—
"The angels are crying, I felt their tears."
O, baby lips, the lesson you teach,

Thy innocent words my inner heart reach;
While I, with my faithless discontent,
Needed the chiding thy baby lips sent.
And the rain coming down on that summer5s day,
Seemed to wash every evil thought away;
And I look with a humbled, repentant gaze
On the sun bursting forth in glorious rays;
And the clouds in my life seemed to drift apart,
For my baby's lesson had reached my heart.
And I clasped her close, my heart full of love,
While I whispered a prayer of thanksgiving above;
And I prayed for a faith, both simple and deep,
And release from the sins o'er which angels weep.

IDEALS.

She won't powder, won't paint, won't talk slang nor chew gum;
On the trifles she buys doesn't ask a rebate;
Will not listen to scandal, nor flirt "just for fun";
When she makes an appointment is never found late,
Her clothes, neat and tasteful, are not always new,
And her friends, though they love her, are scattered and few,
For she lives her own life, will not follow the crowd;
And some dare to scorn her and brand her as proud,
She's not a new woman and has no concern about matters without her estate,
She's a pure minded woman, a loving one, too;
But "old-fashioned," because she is true.
He honors his mother, is a good friend and brother,
Holds his free vote above all bribes and appeals.
Reserves his opinions, but acts as he feels,
Keeps his body a shrine, where no low guests may dine;
His mouth is kept free from tobacco and oath,
He believes in his God, does not swear, does not loaf,
But the dudes and the rakes, say "he makes great mistakes,
Isn't up to the times, far too slow."
He pays his debts promptly, and knows not a dun,
Will not join the boys in their unlawful fun,
When they try to persuade, gives his resolute "No."
A gentleman always, a gallant one, too,
But old-fashioned, because he is true.

SHALL WE VOTE?

Shall we vote, my sister woman?
Shall we vote for woman's rights?
Shall we rise in all our knowledge,
And proclaim our needs and likes?
Shall we start a revolution, a civil war once more;
All in order that "new woman" may have a chance to soar?
Let us first review the battle field, and see what we may win;
Let us see what weakness we may slay, how we may conquer sin;
First we'll slay that knight called "Chivalry," or cause his speedy flight;
For such a gallant man as he,
Would ne'er a woman fight;
Then we'll start a train of loafers
To take the place of men;
Our homes will lose their titles, our lives their sweetness then;
We'll speak of Lincoln's mother,
And that noble woman band,
Who raised the world's great heroes
That made their lives so grand.
"Why should we be debarred the right
To prove how great are we?"
We have patience, brains, and power:
More than many men that vote,
Why should woman always be oppressed?
Why live her life by rote?
Why not use this brain and power
To vote for what is right?
Why say that we must live by law,
And keep from us its light?
Let me ask you, gentle sister,
What 'tis you think you'll do
When all the world is turned around,
And everything is new?
But first I wish to tell you,
What I think of woman's rights,
And how, were I a leader,
I'd quell these civil fights,
We have our rights, God given,
These rights we'll not disdain,
The right to be pure women,
In heart, and life, and name:

The right to all men's honor,
A right they will respect,
If we prove but earnest helpers.
Amid life's toil and fret,
We may say some men are ignorant,
Not fit to make the laws;
Are women then all noble?
Have our sex no lowering flaws?
Let us not neglect known duties
In our quest for something new,
Let us do more fully, truly,
Those we have the right to do,
Let us use our finer senses
Making life refined and high,
Let us look for noble manhood,
We shall find it by and by,
When the children reared by women,
Who are that in more than name,
Shall arise and call us blessed,
And uplift us in their fame,
Let us give to them our talents,
Work for them with heart and brain,
Then if sorrow should o'ertake us,
And we're left without a home.
Let us still be just true women,
Tho' we walk life's path alone,
Let's be better wives and mothers
Like those patriots of old,
Who taught and trained our Lincolns
To be honest, brave and bold.
Think you that these noble women,
Sought fame in crowd or poll,
Did she glory in unwrapping
All the woman from her soul?
She was strong in heart and purpose,
But womanly in mein,
She lived her simple home life,
And her influence is seen,
Our lot to be a woman,
Let us raise it if we can,
But we'll never, never do it,
By belittling the man,
Many gentle, loving women
Will be pushed against the wall,
Not strong enough to walk alone,
They'll perish in the fall,

When this rough new woman army
Drives all respect away,
Takes man's room in public places,
Leaves their home without a stay,
Kills ambition, starts inaction,
Domestic wars, and civil strife.
Makes men reckless, dull and careless,
Making shipwreck of their life.
But all good men will help us
To the rights we all should prize,
The right to be true women,
And thus to honor rise.

GOD'S BLESSING.

Be no more the child of discord,
Be no more the child of woe;
God's dear love enfolds you ever;
Guiding light where're you go,
All the flowers grow to bless him;
Birds sweet songs to love gave vent,
Trees reached out their arms to welcome
One who blessed where're he went.

WON'T YOU TELL ME SO.

The flower smiles its gladness,
To greet the sun's warm light;
The river loves the ocean,
And meets it with delight;
The whole world loves God's kindness.
He shows it free to all;
But you, dear, hide your smiles,
And with silence meet love's call.

You show your loving heart, dear,
In all you say and do;
And often I have thought, love,
That you love me sure and true;
Why do you so dissemble?
Why hide a joy so sweet?
Why, if you love me, darling,
Why, O, why not let it speak.

Let the glory of your life love,
Like the rose its beauty show;

So if you love me, darling,
O, won't you tell me so?
Tell it with your eyes, dear,
Tell it as you go,
If you love me, darling,
Always tell me so.

LOVE.

'Tis the sweetest of fragrance from flowers.
'Tis the scent of the air after showers;
'Tis the laugh of a child at play;
'Tis the sunset at close of a day,
'Tis the moonlight on frost laden trees,
'Tis the roar of the storm on rough seas,
'Tis the sobbing of strong hearts in pain.
'Tis the shine of the sun after rain,
This is love; sweet love; yes, 'tis love.

'Tis the shrieking of wind in a storm;
'Tis the sparkle of dew drops at morn,
'Tis the flash of the lightning's bright light
'Tis the din of the battle at night;
'Tis the mightiest madness that lives;
'Tis the stormiest gift nature gives,
'Tis all that is noble and pure;
'Tis the truth that will ever endure,
This is love; God's love; yes, 'tis love.

RECOMPENSE.

There is no sorrow our Christ cannot feel,
No pain that our Savior has not felt,
No holy joy; where He has not dwelt,
No illness nor wrong that He will not heal.

There is love abounding—true—holy—pure—
Love enough for each lonely heart;
And the peace of the Father will come to aid,
All those who have learned to endure.

For the spirit of love is found in each flower;
In all of the works of His hand:
'Tis man's work alone that fails to live;
God's gifts are an endless dower.

"FREE LOVE."

"Free love" — and shall love not be free?
'Tis passion chains men's lives,
But love; the Christ part; which we see
In all true service; where each strives
For all his brothers, slave or celt;
Such boundless love our Savior felt.

Nay, do not desecrate the name;
That heals a nation's woes;
Nor mingle with that holy flame
Men's brutish, selfish foes;
So still our passions,
Lord, we pray;
But love—the light, the truth—must stay.

THE RURAL DISTRICT.

There is a rural district in a well-known western state,
Which were we asked to poetize we'd stop and hesitate—
Yes, we know the birds sang sweetly tho' we hadn't time
to hear,
For when we stayed to listen our machine got out of gear.
The hillsides teemed with flowers, wild rose and buttercup:
But cockle burrs got in the corn, and we had to pull them
up,
The skies were rife with beauty, all colors manifold.
One shade alone could fix our gaze, we dug the earth for
gold,
We rose betimes each morning, before the break of day,
And labored to improve each hour along life's busy way,
We went to school to learn to read and count and write
our name
So "town folks" couldn't "cheat us" when we went to sell
our grain,
There is a church which young and old and foolish ones
attend
Who'd rather go and pray for wealth than on their toil
depend,
For all the "honest people" Sunday meant an extra strain
To do up all the laid by work and thus on Monday gain
The matrimonial bargains took place ere spring began
And often, when the farm was small, this saved a hired
man,

New bread was cut at marriage feasts for such the vote was cast,
On "common days" we ate it stale (so that the fresh would last.)
Our butter went to market; we ate sorghum on our bread,
But the stock received good fodder; they brought cash when they were dead.
The cream we sold to pay for things the farmers could not raise.
We used the skim milk, sparingly, in coffee none could praise;
We packed our old beef down in salt and sent the young to town
For if we sent tough goods to them they'd mark the prices down.
The women made their family's clothes for ready made cost more
To save a few cents on a yard they worked their fingers sore.
We built good homes for cows and swine, because they brought us gold;
Our women hoped we'd do the same for them when they grew old,
We knew there were four seasons for each season brought fresh toil,
If you hinted for a season's change domestic ire would boil.
We had no time to gaze above our eyes were glued to ground.
In that atmosphere where suicides and cyclones all abound,
You may sing of country freedom, rural peace and joy—ah, well—
But sojourn there a year or so and you'll believe in hell.

WHY SHOULD We PRETEND?

Why should we pretend, my friend, why not be free?
Friendship is a sacred bond, twixt you and me.
Trust, not sacrifice, is all we ask;
Friends we could not be, were trust a task;
You do not rest me tho' today—the spirits light,
Is hampered by the weary body's blight;
The spirit; never weary, ever bright;
Still welcomes thee; but not the flesh tonight.
The world—why must we ever need

To pander to its petty greed,
For every small convention's slavish sway:
When Nature only should have right of way?
The reason for our love, 'twas true indeed—
The cause was pure—my lonely, helpless, need;
Why should it hurt me so what men may say—
Yet what I heard has racked my heart today—
Why must we e'er consider those whose thought is base;
Whose lives are false, in action, speech and face;
Whose only sympathy is with the wrong;
Whose force is but of numbers, worldly, strong;
The selfish ones, unclean, unlearned;
Who covet blessings, all unearned;
If I have caused your weaker self to rise;
Then get thee hence forever from my eyes;
But if I've helped you endless life to see;
Then come again; when we may both be free;
To live as God and Nature bids us live,
With childish purity our best to give;
Unheeding those; who will not pay the price,
Of self control; but wish to rule by vice;
But not today—I want to rest today—
And listen to God's voice take time to pray—
That I may learn how best this gift to use
To help mankind, and not His trust abuse;
But come to me in spirit now, twin soul,
I want thy godly self, not part, but whole.
Tho' there has been no shame twixt you and I,
I love thee purely, this I'll ne'er deny;
For 'tis a blessing, not a curse a shame,
This love that burns with such a rare, true flame,
Like stars that lead us with a steady ray.
Of constant light that burneth not away;
Until we reach that land of love and light:
Where God's true sunshine scatters all our night.

THE WIDOWS WHOSE HUSBANDS AREN'T DEAD.

We see strong men sit idle, while weak women work;
Who are forced to pay bills made by vice:
We see children neglected, unloved, undesired;
(Tax on motherhood too high a price.)
We see churches and schools all around us
While we wonder; where honor has fled,
We read of great battles for freedom;
And grieve o'er our heroes now dead.

Who is it helps keep up the great social lie?
'Tis the women; whose husbands won't die.

We see evil prosper and dressed in the best;
While good men are put to the shame;
We see wives neglecting the duties of home,
In their mad race for money and fame,
We see women teach children, whose hearts know not love,
Neither mothers by name nor desire;
They are married? Oh, yes, and their partners still live;
It takes time for some men to expire.
We see men scorn the poor and weak; while they extol the dead.
We see widows; whose husbands are living, stealing the orphans' bread.

We see men work for churches, receiving no pay;
The work done for God, not required;
But people run churches, the world's run by God,
Tho' we think Satan rules; when we're tired.
We see churches unite, what divorce courts soon sever.
Homes turned into Hades, hearts break; that love found;
To divorce or stay married, which action is best,
For these destitute widows that seem to abound?
But who always survives in the struggle for bread?
'Tis the widows; whose husbands aren't dead.

TO A BABE.

Sturdy, peaceful, pure and good,
Thou sweet boy, in thy babyhood!
Could I paint life's book for thee;
How bright and flowery it should be;
All gilt with joy each page should fall,
Life's choicest gifts for thee I'd call,
Yet,—little pilgrim, full of mirth;
Thoult meet with care on this old earth,
There's many an uphill path to tread,
Rugged the way to all 'tis said.
True, but to those that God leadeth above
Years are the pages that tell of His love;
Nothing can harm thee unknown to thy God,
Beautiful image of Christ our Lord,
Rich in thy right to be happy and free;
Trustful and sweet, full of innocent glee.

Ruthless the hand that gives thee of life's dross;
Unkind the heart that shows thee, naught but gloss.
But distant far; be care and grief from thee;
Untroubled now, long may thy peace so be,
What shall my wish for thee be, dear boy?
This—a true, Godly life, full of deep joy.

MODERN CHIVALRY AND COURTESY.

The shadows have descended on good King Arthur's court.
For years the Knights have rested, dallied in pleasures halls;
And many a noble leader regrets these brave men's fall
And now for fear all honor cease, the power of knighthood die.
Why not proclaim a tournament and when 'tis noised abroad;
Our faithful band will live once more; return to duty's call,
For tho' no more the foeman's lance disturb our rest and quiet;
And peace and quiet reign supreme, there still is need of strife;
So let us band ourselves anew, see how we'll stand the test.
If vows and pledges now are made to honor God and man,
To conquer deadly inner foes, defend the pure and weak:
To live strong, helpful, noble lives; and fight for love not fame.

A MODERN LANCELOT.

The day's fierce eye had closed and evening's shade
Hung o'er each drowsy bird and sleeping ower:
As rode our modern Lancelot on life's way;
His fate it seemed to conquer all he met,
Unconsciously he made a central sun,
Around which lesser planets loved to move,
And linger near, for guidance and for light.
So strong direct and bright the rays of truth;
That weaker bodies caught and held with joy;
The spirit that unwittingly he spread;
Of native force and freedom all around;
And one there was; whose life 'til now was warped,
And made to fall in cramped and narrow grooves,

She met and recognized, alas too late!
The ideal of her lonely, love-lit dreams,
But he; whom all so loved; could love but one,
And she—unworthy of a love so great,—
Was centered all in self; nor could not change,
Nor ever rise to thought of nobler strain,
Than surface forms of homage paid to pride,
And tho' another's wife—she claimed his love.
He thought not ill of her; that childish one;
Who spoke each thought, unaltered as it came;
Thinking—"God reads our thoughts then why not man?"
He tried to curb the love he had inspired;
Because ambition's fire burned fierce within,
He could not tune his harp of life to fit
One simple, little measure of pure love,
And yet he had a dream of future bliss
When weary with the struggle and the toil
Of life bound in by custom's rusty chain,
He'd sit and rest awhile; take time to dream
And weigh the question,—Is all knowledge gain?
And so in courteous tones he soothed the maid,
And said—"Thy sorrow yet may prove thy strength,
And I, because thy love is pure and true,
Will be thy knight and fight and strive for thee,
And such as thee, and all, who are in need,
If right redeems their cause, therefore weep not;
But live in hope, that God, from whence love comes;
Will find a way to turn thy grief to joy:
And use this love to better both our lives."

WHAT THE BLIND MAY SEE.

A blind man sat 'neath a sheltering tree,
A tiny maid clambered upon his knee,
"How I wish you could see as I do," she said.
"'Tis a beautiful day, tho' 'tis nearly dead,
The sun looks fierce, is he cross at the moon
For taking his place? She'll be coming soon.
Here are two little birds, they are sad, I fear,
Their homes in the elm tree; standing near,
Some cruel men didn't want it to grow
So they cut off its arms, its bleeding, I know,
I think God is angry; He's sending a cloud;
Why does He let men be wicked and proud?
Will He save the birds' home, because they are small?

"Oh, Grandpa! I wish you could see it all."
"My child, my mind sees a vision of light;
The skies that you picture are not more bright;
My blindness gives me a world of my own,
I dream and rest with God, I'm not alone;
I see, I feel His presence everywhere;
Love wakens at His touch, and all is fair:—
The cause of all discord is spirit unrisen;
He gives of His Best, so ours must be given,
We glorify Him as upward we reach
All suffering aids us this lesson to teach
Humanity's tortured for reaching toward God
We owe Him our service. Our Savior is Lord.
He came as a child with all of its needs;
As a beautiful rose in a garden of weeds,
The rose that you hold, I know it is fair;
From the perfume; its spirit; which floats on the air;
As it lives out its inner heart, breathes out its best;
So must we throw out sweetness, true love songs of rest.
I feel His breezes now upon my cheek in kisses soft.
I know your heart is pure, my child, I've read it oft;
For all your childish prattle breathes of Him;
Each word, and action leads away from sin.
The strength of each tide is known by its foam;
As the dress of a thought shows its spirit's a poem."
"But the rose has thorns dear, Grandpa, just feel;
Why did God make them? It's sweetness, they steal."
"Our Savior wore thorns; He made naught in vain;
The rose is His emblem of beauty and pain,
The zephyr's caresses; God's love song, my child?
Often turn to rough tempests, sharp, stinging and wild,
But they show us His power, and herald His might;
And give courage and strength, when breasted aright.
The birds—His own minstrels—will sing with more joy;
When the foes, that they feared have ceased to annoy.
Their home will be spared, they are one with us all,
His love will not suffer the innocent's fall,
Tho' 'tis a sadly human fault to overlook the true;
In this, God's nursery for His own; He loves both them
and you;
Our heavens is within ourselves, and with us here
If all men served one Father now in trust, not fear,
For God is love; and love is heaven, in night or day;
Unconsciously we aid His plan, each in his way;
For love and God make heaven, my child, all else is hell,
When every spirit meets its own, in peace we'll dwell."

"Oh, Grandpa, dear, the little birds are singing songs of rest,
They's sitting just above their home, their heaven must be their nest."

THE LADIES' AID.

The ladies' aid society, being all in a room together,
Exhausting all topics of interest, even the weather;
And being elated at all they had done that season,
Said the president—"I really see no reason
Why we should't change the program;"
So we all began, to plot and plan,
As to what should compose the mental feast
Designed to be either the greatest or least—
That was ever served up by their members,
So after some study we made up our mind
That the muse and lucre should be combined.
And that each member should earn a dollar
To tell of in rhymes, this way and no other.
Now I have a husband (a dear, loving fellow,)
Who bought me a dress of a gorgeous color;
With affectionate grief I laid it away,
In hopes that a thief would steal it some day;
But after a year, as it still remained there,
I decided to wear it—in spite of its glare,
So out of seclusion my present I take;
And with sighs and misgivings a new robe I make
And before, my leige lord one day I appear,
With the modest remark—Does it suit you, my dear?
With awe and displeasure he eyed my array
And said—Who'd have thought the thing looked so gay?
Take it off—take it off and I'll give you a dollar
But for heaven's sake don't wear a dress of that color."
So I joyfully shook off the robe of contention
And thus earned my dollar and pleased the convention.

THE BANQUET.

I hope to be forgiven when my Pegasus I climb;
But when I'm asked to write a rhyme, I never can decline;
You petition some lines from my pen—
Your request is quite modest—but then—
The subject—Now what can I find?
I have searched all over my mind;

But 'tho spring is now waking the earth,
Into new life of beauty and mirth
I fear to a subject so sweet
Scant justice I'd do, so I'll beat a retreat
And refrain from an ode to the spring.
While a tale of a banquet I'll sing—
There are rooms in our city kept for the fair;
And the pick of our aid ladies gathered there;
Tho' for money they strove they won some fame:
To eat of their bounty the people all came,
Of dollars one thousand, five hundred they cleared.
This financial success their gentle hearts cheered.
They served us with cakes, and meats, and pie
Each cow in the city prepared to die—
When they met the ice cream ladies' eye,
We all went to work with great ardor and dash—
We scolloped potatoes and made some hash—
Now hash is a dish as you're all aware:
Which is made up of scraps from most anywhere,
So we took some of this and some of that,
But we couldn't make hash without any fat,
So we went to grease (Greece) and thus you see.
Got a chance to review our geography.

STRAWPILE FAME.

What greater pleasure can there be,
  Than romping in the straw?
No cares to sadden, glad and free,
  Unmindful of all law;
We climb and tumble, roll and fight,
  The world seems all our own.
Its beauty ours by common right,
  This strawpile our home;
What need of lessons, or of rules,
  To teach us how to rise?
We never shall be nearer God,
  Nor nearer to the skies—
Than standing now, our hopes all gained.
  When its full height we scale.
The dullest in this glorious climb
  Knows no such word as fail;
And though we only tumble down,
  It does not bring us sorrow.
We know that we need but to try
  To climb as high to-morrow.

O, would that in our climb through life,
We were as sure of rising—
When there we tumble in the dust,
We lose all worth the prizing.
And never can we climb again
With hearts and hopes as gay,
As when in childhood we strove
With dust and straw that day.

JUDGE NOT.

"Judge not!" Ah, how oft we forget!
And judge with a pitiless mind;
How ready we are to debate
On the sins of frail humankind.
We lay down the law from our stand,
And we say, "Take that as your guide;"
The path of grace may be narrow,
But it leads to sin if 'tis wide.
Vain dolts! How dare we weak mortals
Lay rails for such engines as men?
We know not the heavy temptations
That daily is given them.
And he whose pulses are bounding
With lawless restrained desires,
Is worthy a thousand praises;
To he who ne'er scented the fires.
To we who have not been tempted
'Tis easy enough to be good.
We are simply drifting onward,
And no conflict have we withstood;
Instead of censure 'twere better
Our brother to cheer and befriend;
And should he fall in the darkness,
The light of true friendship to lend.

A CROP OF SOULS.

I've a beautiful garden of flowers
On the hill just over the way,
Where plants of the costliest kind are found;
I work in my garden each day,
And carefully do I stir the soil,
And scatter the seed with care;
And pull out the rank and ugly weeds
And cherish my plants so fair;
I'm working for my Master,

Who lives in a foreign clime,
In a glorious castle studded with gems
Of the softest shades that shine.
My garden is the schoolroom,
The soil—the minds and hearts
Of my beautiful flowers—the children.
Here the plant of character starts
And is fed by the perfume of holy thought,
And the gentle tears of rain
That will greet my Master should He come.
His crop of souls to claim.
Have you ever seen my garden?
I've a crop I must not spoil,
For—unlike the thrifty farmer—
I can not retill my soil.
Can not plant the crop twice over,
For the seed once sown will grow;
And the seed, once cast, be wafted,
Till I know not where 'twill go.
The seed that I sow is Knowledge
And I hope for a bountiful crop,
To show to my Master in heaven,
When He at my garden shall stop.
O, my bright, sweet, thoughtful pansies,
I fear that you will droop;
When you leave my pretty garden
And join the world's rough troop.
Perhaps you'll bloom in lonely grandeur,
In some rich man's garden plot,
Perhaps you'll only be transplanted
To some humble little lot.
But I know you'll surely gladden
The spot that you make bright;
And many hearts will sadden
When you join that "home of light."
You, my sturdy, straight young sunflowers,
Will you gladden all you meet?
You are hardy, bright and honest,
Fair and strong, if not so sweet;
You, my dainty, modest bluebells,
You, my rosebuds fair and gay;
You, my wild and careless poppies,
Must I send you all away?
Out into the world I send you,
Lovely flowers, so pure and rare;
May the influence you carry
Bring forth sweetest flowers there.

VARNISH.

The curse of the world is its varnish,
We find it wherever we go;
The real good that never would tarnish,
Is hidden the varnish below.

We paint, and we varnish our buildings,
We varnish our thoughts and our speech;
Our smothering, flashy, bright gildings,
E'en innocent baby minds reach.

We varnish our lives and our faces,
Our natures, our souls, and our hearts;
With falsehood we paint the dark places,
Daub with varnish the world worn parts.

We varnish, but why do we do it?
Why smother the Godliest part?
In God's beautiful world it is not fit,
That we cover nature with art.

Does the artist paint o'er the flowers,
Or touch up the moonbeam's bright ray?
Or varnish the tree as it towers,
Or the sun that gladdens our day?

Come, wipe off the daub from your faces,
Let the pure, true woman shine out;
Rub off from your lives tll its traces,
Each one let us put it to rout.

Show forth the true grain that it covers,
Let tear of regret wash away
The tarnish that purity smothers
And outshine the night with bright day.

THE HOME OF THE MOON AND THE SUN.

She was old, and sad, and lonely,
With no one that loved her near,
To comfortand love and help her
Or to whisper sweet words of cheer;
To her this life seemed cheerless,
False, empty, and full of stern woe;
She's spent long years in selfish quest

Of worldly fashion, wealth and show.
But with this wealth she was grieving,
And so lonely tonight and sad;
Her heart sobbed full of sorrow,
For the love that all others had.
And memory, knowing her heartache,
Said—"Thy tears shall not all be in vain;"
So with pitiful hand she lifted
The veil of years covering her brain.
A smile stole over the aged face,
And the quick tears of joy fell like rain
As Memory, with a kindly touch,
Let us tarry a season with her,
Ah! now, watch, her so bright and so sweet;
All dressed in white, see her standing,
With the sun o'er her rosy bare feet;
And stay—list awhile to the prattle
Of this dear little six-year-old elf,
"'Tis a long, long day, and I'm going
To go visiting all by myself;
They'll be plenty of time to get there,
But I guess I will start right now,
'Tis a beautiful place to visit,"
And she tossed the curls off her brow,
And called through the open doorway,
"Never mind, mamma, if I don't come
Led her to her childhood's home again.
At dinner; I'll be making a call
At the home of the moon and the sun."
The mother, not catching her meaning,
Said, "Yes, run in the sun, little one,
But go meet thy father at dinner,
For he loves so to see thee come."
So out from the flower-robed porch
She came with swift, light tripping step,
And told of her wonderful journey
To each bright, tinted flower she met.
O, pretty, pretty, bright sunflowers!
Your faces turned towards the sun,
I shall see your lovely home today—
Say, now, wouldn't you all like to come?"
So she danced along the roadway
Brightly gemmed with flowers gay,
And she plucked the pretty blossoms
Just to lightly toss away;
And now she nears the thorny brushwood,

Where the tangled brambles hold her fast,
But she sees the sunlight glow ahead,
And knows the woods will soon be past,
But her feet are tired and weary,
And she calls to the birds to be still;
"You make my head ache with your scolding,
Do be still, naughty whippoorwill,
Or I'll surely tell the moon and the sun,
Who live there in that beautiful cloud,
How naughty you've been down here with us—
And they'll scold you for singing so loud.
O, dear, I'm so tired and hungry,
And the sand burrs all stick to my dress;
But, then, I've come such a long, long way,
And it can't be much farther I guess.
Just behind that hill is the house, I know,
For, today, when he opened his door,
I saw him come from his pretty house,
And he may not come back any more.
But dear Mrs. Moon will sure to be there,
She'll let me rest in a golden chair.
But, O, how these naughty trees do tear—
I'm afraid they won't like what I wear."
That eve when the sun was shedding
Its last slanting beams around,
Her father and mother found her
Asleep on the leaf-strewn ground.
They tenderly carried her homeward,
And their chiding words were few
As they took off the soiled garments
And put on the clean and new.
And lying there in her own white bed,
She cried o'er her wasted day:
"I never shall see their home," she said,
"For they live so far away."
The tender, loving mother,
Who pitied her darling's grief,
Thought of this pretty story
To comfort and bring relief.
"Once there was a little girl,
And she thought 'twould be great fun
To go and pay a visit
To dear Mrs. Moon, and the sun.
So she wandered and walked,
All through a long, weary day;
But discovered them not

Until asleep she lay;
When the moon, and the sun,
Seeing her sleeping there,
Came and carried her home
With the tenderest care.
And when warmed and fed,
And in clean clothes dressed,
In a snowy cloud
They did put her to rest."
"Oh, I know now," the little one cries,
E'er the mother's story is done;
"You're dear Mrs. Moon, and this is your home,
And my own papa is dear Mr. Sun."
The woman awoke, 'twas but a dream
That memory brought her that day;
A dream of her happy childhood,
So many long years away.
She saw how she had lived the dream,
As with throbbing, aching heart,
She compared her life to that dream;
Compared them each, part by part,
The playfully, careless child
Was she, at the start of life's play;
The flowers, the friends, she gathered,
And as carelessly cast away.
The sun was the bright ambition,
That forever lured her on;
'Till it left her old and lonely,
All friends and loved ones gone.
The burrs, the selfish worldlings,
Who clung to her side so fast;
With loathing dislike she viewed them,
As part of her worldly past,
The loud voiced birds, the tones of those
Who had called her to the strife;
That led her so far from her dear ones,
To that selfish, worldly life.
O, take away my worldly robes
She cried to Memory, mild,
And give me clean and spotless clothes,
Like those on the little child.
And she prayed that night
For new strength and light
As only a woman can pray
Who has lived and loved,
And battled with life

In its sternest wintry day.
Memory brought her the gift of sleep,
Like a child at rest she lay.
Asleep in her chair they found her,
At rest in peace that day.
With the sun's bright glow around her,
At last her journey done,
She had reached her childish ambition,
The "home of the moon and the sun."

SCHOOL DAYS.

Do you remember that day at school;
When they pelted the girls with snow?
You stood like a general brave and cool,
Said you'd "stand the crowd," you know.

And Oh! what a shower of snowballs came,
And some of them hit you, too;
But you won the victory and the name
Of "the bravest boy in school."

I wonder now in your worldly fight,
Can you "stand the crowd and their blows
Against the honest, the true, the right;
Will you win the fight at its close?

Yes, I know you will; for the boy who stood
And took the side of the weak;
Will be a man; who is brave, and good;
God's angel thy record shall keep.

CONQUERED BY LOVE.

A merry group of laughing children,
All homeward bound from school,
Like birds released—so glad of freedom—
From work, restraint and rule.

And to walk with one loved classmate
I stayed my flying feet,
And on her cold hands placed my mittens—
She was so dear and sweet.

I gave her all my heart's devotion,
And she to me sweet kindness showed;
I shared with her my gum and apples,
And on my sled down hill she rode.

I made her fiddles from the cornstalk;
She whittled with my cherished knife;
I told her when she "grew up older"
I'd have her for my little wife.

But now, as down the hill we went,
I suddenly did spy
A flock of snowbirds on the ground,
And let my arrow fly.

And though I never yet had hit—
She being near, I did my best—
The sharpened nail-tipped arrow flew
And lodged within one's breast.

I darted forward, seized my prize,
Returned with footsteps fleet,
And pride and triumph in my eye,
To lay it at my darling's feet.

Then my pride was changed to grief,
My careless joy to woe—
"You cruel, naughty, wicked boy,
However could you go—

"And shoot that darling little bird?
O, look where it has bled!
I'll never love you any more;
You've killed it; see, it's dead!

Snatching the dead bird from my hand,
Her face with feeling red,
Her voice all tremulous with tears,
And that was what she said.

And 'twas not that I'd killed the bird
Which made the hot tears fall like rain;
No, no; 'twas just because I loved her
And knew I'd caused her pain.

She saw my grief, her pity rose,
And the words she spoke were few:
"You've always been so good to me,
I guess I'll have to love you."
* * * * *
'Twas ten years later, and I stood
And listened to her chiding;
Some reckless deed had roused her scorn
And shook her faith confiding.

'Twas not the sin that I'd committed
That made my face grow red with shame,
'Twas just because I loved her dearly
And knew I'd caused her pain.

Once more my sorrow won her love
And turned aside her blame;
Her pardon won, I freely promised
Ne'er to do the like again.

O, womankind! Your trusting pity
Makes many a captive yours to stay;
Your gentle faith the bit restraining
That keeps us steady in life's way.

WE WEAR A MASK.

We wear a mask before the crowd,
And each one plays a part;
When most we love they deem us proud,
So well we hide our heart.

We smile, and laugh, and dance and sing,
And stifle back the sigh—
That none may guess the hidden sting
That in our breast doth lie.

For could we lift the mask and peep
Beneath, could we but see
How many wounds—now hidden deep,—
Brought to our sight would be.

For every life, however bright,
Some hidden sorrows bear;
They fain would keep from all men's sight,
Some griefs we cannot share.

But what relief to kneel in prayer,
And cast aside the mask;
For all our anguish and each care
God's help and comfort ask.

Before His watchful, loving eye,
No mask will e'er avail;
He hears the spirit's anguished cry,
His love will never fail.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Oh, who has not built them
Sometime in their life?
Love and hope within you, then
The heart is gay and blithe.
Happy moments, when we may
Free from every care—
Sit and dream and build away
At our castles in the air.

And in life's fresh morning
Every dream is bright;
Each day new joys are dawning
That bring us new delight.
O, what pretty gilding!
Our life shall be so fair!
Childhood's happy building
Of castles in the air.

Youth and maiden weaving,
In life's sunny noon;
There shall be no grieving
In that coming time, no gloom:
All life's ills they'll banish,
And cull naught but pleasures rare.
Empty dreams so soon to vanish;
Vain castles in the air!

But in life's calm twilight
We recall past joys and pain;
Scenes lived through in life's stern fight
Come back to us again.
But those buildings, how they tumble!
Perchance too high they were;
And we watch them slowly crumble—
Cherished castles in the air.

THE SEA.

Methinks thou art an emblem of life,
In thy many changes and scenes;
Of life in its seasons of storms and strife,
And its calm and peaceful dreams.

When the restless winds sweep o'er you
Tossing your waves to and fro,
And tinging your waters a deeper blue,
You seem battling with some great woe.

You answer me in all moods sea,
For you change with each passing hour;
You are wild and restful, now dancing, now free;
Deep, solemn and full of power.

THE PANSY

Amid earth's gems there be
None sweeter to my fancy,
No flower as dear to me
As love's sweet flower, the Pansy.

THREE SCENES IN A LIFE.

Sing, merry birds, gleefully sing;
Make the surrounding space echoes ring,
Each step that I take fresh beauty I see;
My heart is bounding and dancing with glee,
What a glorious breeze! what a bright tinted sky!
In all God's world who is so happy as I?
All nature seems dressed in her brightest array;
On this, my glad betrothal day.

A stalwart, handsome, manly youth;
His face imbued with love and truth.
A graceful maiden—with happy face—
Comes shyly forward, and takes her place;
The words are spoken which make them one
Through joy, or grief, or whate'er may come,
A pretty, bright eyed, loving bride,
Her fond young husband's joy and pride.

But is this that fondly cherished wife
That embarked with such joy on her untried life?

This sad faced woman wasting away;
Who five years back was so joyous and gay!
And is this the man—now degraded and base—
Who once was endowed with such beauty and grace?
What caused this man to such depths to sink?
One word will tell you: that word is—drink.

LIFE... (A Medley.)

As I write this thought o'er me passes,
How like school is our world, and our life;
The world has its lessons, its classes,
And life has its prizes and strife.

LONGING.

Sunshine and rain;
Pleasure and pain
Unrealized dreams;
How dreary life seems!
But sunless showers;
Bring forth sweet flowers;
So comes our gladness,
After sadness.

IN MIND.

The mind of man, and a field of corn;
Are much the same I'm told;
The crop of each; when it ripens;
Is marketed and sold;
And each needs cultivation,
Or else the crop would spoil;
And some are good and some are bad
According to the soil.

THE HEART.

"I think God rules for science reasons so,"
The mind affirmed.
"I know God reigns supreme, my heart feels love,"
The heart had learned.

PROBLEMS.

(To a Classmate.)

Some day when in bonds of sweet love you're united
With some one, whose life would without thee be blighted
Oh think of the bonds and percentage and rate
That stirred up our thoughts in bewilderment great
As with pencil and tablet we took down in numbers
The "problems" designed to disturb our night's slumbers;
May the problems of life all to you be made plain—
Friends—the base; Joy—per cent; and true love the gain.

FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers, so fragile, so bright,
Filling our souls with such pure delight;
Breathing sweet incense on all around,
A token of faith, to true hearts, by love bound
Beautiful spots on the carpeted ground,
A treasure, a blessing, wherever you're found;
In cottage, in mansion, in castle, in hall—
A blessing from heaven sent free to all,
Bringing peace to the weary, rest to the sad,
While you speak of fresh hopes to the hearts of the glad;
The babe's delight—hear his shout of mirth,
As he tosses the flowers, God's love gift to earth.
What scenes you bring back of childhood's years,
With its childish sorrows, its smiles and tears;
When days were as bright, tears fleeting and few—
As a rose in the morn bathed in teardrops of dew.
All things have uses, some please, some annoy,
But the beautiful flowers were made for our joy.

LOVE VERSUS MONEY.

Men say that gold is the motive power
That rules this terrestial sphere;
I say that gold; not the greatest dower;
Has half the influence here;
And not only here but in heaven above,
As has the wonderful power of love.

Think of the martyrs in days of old.
Suffering torture, death and derision;
Do you think they suffered for love of gold?

No, 'twas for love and their religion
They nobly gave up this mortal strife.
They valued the love of God more than life.

O, no one could live on this cold, old earth
Full of suffering, full of care,
No matter how rich in gold or mirth
If love held no portion there,
For love will sweeten the hardest lot,
And give joy and wealth to those who have naught.

THE HOME-WARD TRACK.

Have you forgotten 'mid life's new scenes
Our childhood years; our plans; our dreams?
As in homes in twin valleys, side by side,
We watched the changing seasons glide?
There were trees that we knew were planted by God.
And play houses built of the newly turned sod.
And flax fields, all shimmering seas of blue;
With golden billows shining through—
And do you remember that day by the stream?
When we stood on the banks; with no bridge between.
We could not reach each other to play
For the water had carried the plank away.
And we said good-bye, and turned us back,
And walked alone on the homeward track;
Oh I know you think of those days gone by;
My spirit to yours in thought can fly
Tho' the ocean between us should intervene.
The bridge of thought can reach between;
Should the flood, of years roll the plank down stream.
And only in memory each face be seen;
I know we shall often turn us back,
And travel that long loved, homeward track!

FRIENDSHIP.

When the morn was shedding its love light,
And all around was still.
I journeyed forth on the wings of thought;
With a quiet, peaceful will;
I sought a gem of lustre rare;
To wear upon my breast,
The jewel of true friendship
The talismen of rest.
O'er many lands I took my flight,

In haunts of wealth and fame,
I lingered long in paths of light,
Lit by ambitious flame.
I wandered far in pleasure's hall;
I sought it 'mid the glare
Of city lights—my glad hopes fall
There is no friendship there;
My hungry heart its hope now fled;
Grieved o'er each effort vain
I'll stay my flight 'tis loss I said,
This quest brings only pain:
As thus I cried—I'll roam no more
I stayed at a valley green,
Where drooping willows their heads bent o'er;
God's looking glass; the stream;
And the god of nature sat and smiled
On flower, stream and tree.
Where winds sang songs of cadence sweet
And love peeped forth so free,
And there in the moonlight's fairy sheen;
Its light pure, deep and blue;
I saw the jewel of friendships gleam.
In colors clear and true
With joy I clasped it and held it fast.
No more its loss to rue,
Love and peace I found at last;
In this gem of the rainbow hue.

UNITY.

In government; unity of heart and mind
To make wise, true laws to help, mankind,
In politics, unity wins the cause;
In union is strength no need to pause—
For the thought of the few; let us think all together:
In one mighty army; which nothing can sever.
In society let every member here stand—
And unite in one band through all this free land,
And earnestly work for the best, as a whole,
For the mighty uplift of the great human soul,
Unity of thought, the mighty mind bends;
To unity of labor, for all great ends;
This world's one great home, through its breadth and its length.
And God's children must meet as one love, and one strength.

BEYOND.

The life stories, never yet written;
The songs of heart-anguish; each one
The pictures of joy; all unpainted;
Shall we see, when earth's journey is done?

Who can tell of the soul's life before us
Tho' to wonder and dream we may dare,
This we know—for one Father has told us,
'Tis a spirit life, spotless and fair.

And we'll look for the end of life's volume
And we'll trust it may free us from care,
As we turn o'er the pages of grief or of joy
God's love for us we shall find there.

MEMORY AND THOUGHT.

"I am more true than thee,"
Said memory to thought;
Said thought to memory;
"Since you the charge have brought.
You're not so up to date."
Said memory, with pride,
"You're very often late,
Why, therefore, doth thou chide?"
"I never more will chide
Said thought so tenderly;
If you'll walk by my side
Through all eternity."

CHANGE.

As snow upon a winter's day,
The sun's warm rays doth send away;
So ignorance takes speedy flight,
When wisdom shows her beacon light,
The end of winter draweth near,
Bright spring will bring new hope and cheer.
The buds of knowledge found at school,
Will follow mother nature's rule,
And blossom forth o'er all the land,
Thus making life more sweet and grand.
The dreary showers, bring forth sweet flowers,
So comes our gladness, mixed with sadness.

The birds on wing all sweetly sing,
Their heavenward flight with joy made bright.
Thus may our lives when changes come,
Enrich the world as one by one,
The seasons change from youth to age,
Let songs of joy our hearts engage.

BE A MAN.

Oh, be earnest, good and true,
Faithful in the work you do;
Let no temptation mar thy plan,
But be a noble, steadfast man.

Make the most of youth's bright days,
Never stoop to evil ways;
'Tis not so hard if well begun—
To be a brave, true-hearted one.

Loved by all, and honored, too;
E'en if scoffed at by a few,
Still do thy best, so each one can,
And be an honest, truthful man.

Be just and gentle, good and kind,
In good actions ne'er behind;
Thus, shall thy life be full, and grand
And all reach forth a friendly hand.

When at last this life is o'er
And you've gained that other shore,
How grand to know when you're at rest,
They'll say of you, "His life was blest."

LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, so rich and fair,
Drifting downward through the air,
From the tree that gave you birth
Forth you rush to mother earth;
Then your life-work has begun,
Mellowed there, by frost and sun,
Tho' your brightness this may spoil,
Now you will enrich earth's soil.
May these poems like autumn leaves

Cheer some lonely heart that grieves;
They reach forth and do their part;
Comfort, bring to some lone heart,
Should cold scorn their life-work spoil
May they still enrich some soil,
For like frost on autumn trees
Cold words kill such leaves as these.

CLOUDS AND THOUGHTS.

With weary body, and thought set free,
In the restless shade of a willow tree
I lay, one sultry summer day
Tired with working in the hay,
Drowsy and lazy,
With mind perhaps somewhat hazy.
I could think of no greater bliss
Than to lie like this.
'Neath the shifting shade of the willow,
With a bunch of hay for a pillow,
I lay and gazed above,
And my thoughts on the wings of love
Seemed wafted on high,
And on reaching the sky
They traveled away in dreams,
With the sun's bright beams;
And my idle fancy sweet,
As I watched the clouds retreat,
Was this—just this—
The clouds as they float away,
Are like our thoughts each day;
They come, and they go,
But they color our day, you know,
Like the clouds do the sky,
Sailing peacefully by,
Or scudding before the wind
As our thoughts surge through our mind
When they're angry or wild.
The thoughts of a little child
So holy, pure, and sweet,
Are snow-like clouds, unsoiled by worldly feet.
The clouds of soft, rosy light
Tell the thoughts of ambition, fierce and bright,
That color our dreams by day,
And sail with the light away,
Through bright, so bright.

But the blue is love most true—
God's love for me, and for you—
Peeping through shadowy clouds of gray
That are thoughts of a troubled day
Of anxious cares, and fears,
Unrelieved by hope or tears.
But the golden clouds are the thoughts and dreams,
Not of life as it is, but as it seems
In the turbulent, careless time
When life is all music and rhyme;
And the lowering black and the fiery red,
Are anger and sorrow, unhappily wed.
But all passed swiftly from my view,
Wafted away by the wind that blew;
And my sky was all of a beautiful blue
And then my thoughts were of you, dear love, of you.

PAST DAYS.

I journeyed into "memory, Land"
One dreamy, summer day,
And many a dear and long loved friend
I found upon my way.
Ah, many a flowered and beauteous path
My eager feet may find
While scenes so dear and days so bright
I'll live once more in mind.
I'll see that meadow where we played.
Where golden cowslips grew,
Behind it loomed that ivied wall,
Where all our bird friends flew;
We'll find again the green grass spots.
Where midnight fairies dance
Once more we'll play at Robin Hood
And fight with bramble lance,
And there we'll gather acorn cups;
For cherished doll house store,
Again we'll beg for fairy tales;
We've heard so oft before,
Once more with you, dear sister Nell,
Each bright and happy day
I'll wander far into the dell
In quest of flowers gay
I always plucked the poppies red,
You loved the daisies best, you said,
But you would always help me find

The dandylions and ever kind;
Would ease each foolish, childish fear,
And dry each fretful hasty tear;
You always were so quiet, Nell,
So patient and so mild
While I—I hated to be still
Nurse called me "wild child"
But when each "wonder day" was o'er
And we were put to bed,
'Twas you my restless fancies stilled
With soothing words you said,
When in my dreams I screamed at giants,
Or cowered at angry bears,
'Twas you sweet, loving sister quelled
My nervous griefs and fears,
Then came that day you were so ill,
And I—I learned then to be still;
I must not worry you, nurse said
I wished that I was sick instead
You had so many pretty toys;
I thought that illness meant new joys
Of jellies, fruits and picture books
And loving words and loving looks,
They made me stay away from you;
I cried and said I felt ill too;
And you, so fever worn and sad,
Wished "little sister" to be glad;
And sent your cherished teaset, blue
(The one that uncle gave to you)
With message that it should be mine,
'Til you were well enough to dine
When I should make you some "real tea,"
For your first "call" should be to me.
But, Oh; There came that fearful day
Nurse told me you were dead,
The angels took you up to heaven
I must not cry, she said—
Not cry? When Nellie's gone away
And left me here alone—
God is not kind. He's cruel, He's cruel,
Such was my childish moan,
All day I lay and sobbed and grieved
They called it "childish sorrow"
What grief more stormy, wild, or sad
So hopeless of tomorrow;
O, tell me not that childish tears

But surface pain betoken
For never have I sorrowed more,
With heart more nearly broken
Than then; when ignorant of what
This life had yet to give me.
They told me she had gone away
Until I grew as good as she.
The justice then I could not see
I lay and watched the clouds for hours
I asked the birds, I asked the flowers,
Why God had taken her away,
But they were all too bright and gay
'Twas only I was sad.
But other changes went and came.
Life's somewhat like a checker game
But unto all a chance is given
To win or lose a place in heaven.
So what care we for honors here,
Where all are human none are peer,
None fit to rule another.
And when dear Nellie was no more,
(Striving my grief to smotner.)
My heart another idol found
In you my only brother
'Twas then we found that we must leave
Our birthplace home forever,
To each loved haunt and beauteous nook
We said farewell together.
O, many a sad farewell, we said
E'er we sailed to that foreign land
And many a stormy tear we shed
When we sailed from our English home,
Yes, brother dearest, you and I,
So early learned to say—"Good-bye."
But now we were on the sea at last,
Why should we mourn for sorrows past,
We were sailing, sailing, sailing away.
Away o'er the ocean wild and vast.
O, the long, long future, what will it be?
How we chaff at the answer "wait and see."
And now we are here in this foreign clime
And they ask and wonder "if joy is thine."
Yes, give us bright skies, and trees and flowers,
And the glory of love, all joys are ours
But here began a life of rule,
Oh, how we hated that Sunday school,

Where that pious old lady talked and read
While we wished all the Sunday school teachers were dead,
Now came the sermon so long and dry,
We were made to sit still and we wanted to cry;
We fell to counting the flies on the wall
And the window panes and the hats so tall,
We made up our minds as we played in the sun,
That "when we were big," we'd buy every one
Of the churches around and set them on fire,
For then we said in our childish ire.
We'd find it easy enough to be good
If the churches were burned and the teachers all dead.
But childish logic and yet methinks
That the nature-loving heart of a child
Sees more of God and is less defiled
In all its untrained, wild state.
Than those with minds of culture great,
Who try their ignorance? to train
And test the query, Is knowledge gain?
How swiftly each beauteous day flew by.
We revelled in nature, 'neath God's own sky,
And learned from that book more of true religion
Than a life time's study of book lore had given.
For surely each child's a poet at heart,
And nature is poetry and God is its soul
And the breath of God forms of each a part
And links us to nature a glorious whole,
But now we must leave fair nature's rules,
For poverty sent us to harder schools,
We tried to be good, for honor's sake
But like untamed colts we were hard to break.
Life is not a dream, a vision;
'Tis a battle, a sacred fight,
We may, we can be all we wish
If we bravely follow right,
Is grief sent by our Heavenly Father;
Is He trying our strength with pain;
Withholding life's sweetest glory
'Til we seek it in heaven again?
Would we weaken if nurtured in fondness?
Would our hearts in weariness bow
If we let ourselves echo the cry of a child
And "be good if He loved us now?"
But happy moments came to us still
When we chased the tumble weed over the hill;

Or spied the first tufts of green in the spring,
Or paused to list to the meadow lark sing.
Then those rare treats that came between
When we played by the willows near the stream;
Where each bird and flower seemed sent and given
To us, to teach us of God and heaven,
There we lived with Nature and learned to see
How rich and happy God means us to be,
O, life would never be sordid and mean
If only it left us the time to dream.

* * * * * * *

If only God loved us truly was the cry of our later years
When weak and lonely and heartsick life's dream was a river of tears,
But out of the shadows came sunshine
To blot out the doubt and fear,
And the tears all turned to diamonds
For love and God drew near.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Dual Self	5
Upward	5
Love and Fame	6
Social Requirements	7
Evolution	7
The World's Want	8
Above the Mists	8
Be Still	9
The Unfinished Dream	9
Why	10
Silence	11
A Unique Conventionality	12
A Wish	13
Reflection	13
Extremes	14
Let the Crowd Pass	14
The Taking of Medicine	16
Have We no Room for Our Savior	16
Life Music	17
Queries	17
Spring and Autumn	18
Roses	19
Chastened	19
Fetters	21
Chance	22
Seasons	22
It Is but the Pain Breaking Through	23
Loss and Gain	24
Normal Notes	25
A Prayer	27
The First Frost	28
The Land of Fancies	28
The Barnyard Hen	30
God's Service	31
John Paul Jones	33
Visions	34
Justice Versus Policy	35
The Spirit of MacBeth	37
Pity, Passion, Piety	37
Angel's Tears	38
Ideals	39
Shall We Vote	40

Page
God's Blessing....42
Won't You Tell Me So....42
Love....43
Recompense....44
Free Love....44
The Rural District....45
Why Should We Pretend....46
The Widows Whose Husbands Aren't Dead....47
To a Babe....48
Modern Chivalry and Courtesy....48
A Modern Lancelot....49
What the Blind May See....51
The Ladies' Aid....51
The Banquet....52
Strawpile Fame....53
Judge Not....53
A Crop of Souls....55
Varnish....55
The Home of the Moon and the Sun....59
School Days....59
Conquered by Love....61
We Wear a Mask....62
Castles in the Air....63
The Sea....63
The Pansy....63
Three Scenes in a Life....64
Life....64
Longing....64
In Mind....64
The Heart....65
Problems....65
Flowers....65
Love Versus Money....66
The Home-Ward Track....66
Friendship....67
Unity....68
Beyond....68
Memory and Thought....68
Change....69
Be a Man....69
Leaves....70
Clouds and Thoughts....71
Past Days....

DEC 14 1909

COPY. DEL TO CAT DIV.
DEC 14 1909

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 994 545 9